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FRANK A. MUNSEY.

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SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 10, 1908.

Enough of Bronze Horses.

A great arch to be dedicated to the everlasting union of the States is suggested to the District Commissioners by the executive committee of the Meridian Heights and Lanier Heights Citizens' Association. Both the subject and the form of the proposed memorial are good. For the adornment of Washington it is essential there be something in future to vary the stationary cavalcade of bronze-horsemen and their mounts.

"Where's your horse?" It was the Garfield monument at the foot of the Capitol grounds which called forth that question. The Lincoln shaft, before the City Hall, and the figure of the Great Liberator in Lincoln Park are other exceptions, though the former is no addition to the Capital's art interest. John Jay and Washington sit in curule chairs. Webster and Pike stand. Best of all these non-equestrian groups is the Hahnemann monument, facing Scott circle.

But these do not vary successfully the ornamentation of our parks. There is room and need for much more. The plans of the new Columbus memorial for the Union Station plaza, illustrate the opportunity along this line which awaits resourceful designers. That is to be the proudest of the caravals which bore the great discoverer to these shores. The peristyle structure suggested for the Lincoln memorial is similarly illustrative. But nowhere is there an arch, though it is one of the most imposing, dignified, and beautiful forms which such a tribute could have.

By all means, let the city have a memorial to the everlasting union of the States if funds can be obtained for it. But let there be an arch for the better adornment of Washington, whether it be dedicated to that epochal circumstance or not.

Melodrama on the Wane?

More and more theaters are turning to moving pictures, which, with their vivid depiction of the ways of kings and political candidates, of heroines of famous trials and heroes of the baseball field, are indeed a genuinely popular sample of up-to-date entertainment. So we come to wonder if the rise of the moving picture show means the fall of the old dramatic hair-raiser known as the melodrama.

Some solid ground exists, no doubt, for asserting that the patrons of the low-priced theaters have tired of the ancient stereotyped thrillers; and they would be soft marks if they didn't. The people like novelties, and this explains the great vogue of the moving picture and the illustrated song; but there still remains a considerable popular fondness for melodrama. How long it will last is another question, for in addition to the pictorial amusements there is also a fast-spreading taste for "musical comedy"—which may be musical or comical, but which is seldom both.

The times change and the theaters change with them. If they did not, how could anyone account for the circumstance that half the shows on the road today make a special feature of some one of the fifty-seven varieties of the Salome dance?

The Bath Justified.

The question whether the bath is a necessity, a luxury, a mere habit, a fad, or what, has long puzzled those superficial biologists who spend their time in searching the human anatomy for fins, sails, or propellers. The absence of fins, it has been argued, indicates that man is not a fish. The absence of propellers, viewed from the archeological standpoint, seems to demonstrate also that man came into being before the era of steam. And the lack of sails, spars, and rigging shows that the human creature can't stand before the wind, or run down a leg of the breeze, in the way commended by yachtmen and others concerned in the custody of cups and similar trophies.

In Pittsburgh a court of competent jurisdiction has lately granted a divorce upon the mere ground that the applicant's husband had not taken a bath in eleven years. Why the lady whose marital experiences were thus discontinued should have waited eleven years before seeking relief does not appear, but it may have been due to that ignorance of the rule laid down in III Smith and Snoozer, 476, that, in the absence of precise proof, every married person of the male sex is legally presumed to take a bath once a year, whether he needs it or not.

The decision also seems to establish the fact that bathing is not wrongful, unnatural, or in violation of the prescriptive rights of fishes, sailboats, steamships, motor boats, or submarines.

Hereafter, at least, any person who desires to bathe has a judicial precedent to point to in justification, which, combined with water, soap, and towels, authorizes him to go into the water as far as he likes.

A Great American Play.

Has it waited for a foreigner to write a great American play? "The Melting Pot," by Mr. Israel Zangwill, which is being seen this week at one of our local theaters, would indicate so. For in it finds expression the very genius of our national life, not the spirit of a single event, as in "Alabama." Here is a study of America as the world must see it—a crucible which is annealing all the people of the earth for the making of the American.

In such a light, this work has an interest additional to that of dramatic intensity or skillful delineation of character. It is the realization of an idea and the projection of it in so clear a form that all the world can comprehend it, large as it is. And we are none the less impressed by it, we Americans, because it is the view of a Londoner, of a race alien even to England, and is seen in a perspective which is denied the most traveled of us Americans.

But there is another point of view which holds the mind to this play long after the performance has been ended and the playhouse has been darkened. It is that here in God's crucible racial prejudice like that which has been elsewhere erected against the Jews is only scum. This is the nation of man. Here there is no cast which man cannot defy, no privilege which man cannot earn, no distinction which worth cannot procure. From Roger Williams and James Oglethorpe to the herds that have swarmed through the New York immigrant station, that has ever been the call of America. It is its call today.

At bottom it is prized as a personal possession, this right to attain, by the typical American wherever he lives—in the heart of a skyscraping city, in the openness of a ranch wide as the horizon, in new States and old, in poor homes and rich.

Prejudice cannot strive against such a spirit. But it is good for us Americans amongst whom prejudice must find its allies, if any be found at all, to see the danger, to be shown the old truth that earnestness and industry are the keys to American character, to be brought into sympathy with the oppressed of every land—the Jews of Russia not less than the Huguenots of France and the refugees from an oppressive landlordism of Ireland. For any play which can mirror these truths, America can afford to be grateful, and she is, whether the author be native or foreigner.

Hearst would seem to be not only a journalist but a man of letters.

The Indianapolis News permits Abe Martin to observe that Congressman Longworth should now take a hollow stomp. Too much hollow already, it looks to an Easterner.

That carriage accident was a horse on Tom Lawson.

Thirty of fifty-seven counties in Ohio have voted dry. That doesn't sound exactly like an invitation to a "wet" candidate for governor, like Judson Harmon, to licker up, does it?

St. Louis welcomed Mr. Taft with two pitchers of milk and a good rest.

It's all well enough to knock the mock-rakers, but if it had been for them the good people of Pennsylvania would never have allowed Mr. Sibley to resign his post as representative of the Standard in the popular branch of our legislature.

What if they begin to read letters in Constantinople?

None of the papers hereabouts will hold their presses for Mr. Bryan's explanation of why he is gratified over the result in Georgia.

General Apathy holds no office in the National Baseball Commission.

Mr. du Pont had the good sense to disappear with no more noise than an explosion of a small pinch of his own smokeless powder.

The end-seat hog is not so particular about the place he sits this week.

Sickness is the only enemy so far that has vanquished Castro.

Is the time approaching in this country when statues to baseball heroes will adorn the parks?

Some of our noble statesmen have been only too faithful to their trust.

From now until November 3 political fireworks will be almost as common as short and ugly epithets.

If Theodore, Jr., gets tired of that carpet factory he may decide to beat it.

There is a world of significance in the name of "Hiss," the candidate of Mr. Hearst's party.

No rest for the wicked nowadays—or the candidate.

September Circulation Figures

Net Daily Average

The Times.....41,799
The Star.....34,840

The Association of American Advertisers has examined and certified to the circulation of this publication. The details of such examination are on file at the New York office of the Association. No other figures of circulation guaranteed.

Secretary.

OUIDA'S LATEST BOOK RECALLS FACT THAT CRITICS NOW ADMIT HER TALENT

A Warning From Admiral Luce.

Admiral S. B. Luce, U. S. N., retired, is the author of an article on "The Fleet," which appears in the October number of the North American Review. In the bureaucratic character of the administration of our Navy Department, Admiral Luce finds a serious obstacle to the efficiency of the fleet. He says: "While we are vainly struggling to increase the efficiency of the navy, Germany continues building big ships according to a carefully matured plan. She remembers that the Hague Peace Conference of 1899 was the precursor of a great war. In her next conflict she does not purpose being found wanting either in ships or in naval efficiency. Used and perfected long in advance of us, she is now in the position of a sea power. In the late war she demonstrated to all the world the absolute necessity of a navy. Her naval administration, without which naval efficiency is absolutely impossible. This she demonstrates to us in the present war. The battle is not always to the strong. Strength is not always the effective, needs intelligent direction."

It is said that "Heliathanus," Ouida's last novel, arouses strange memories in the older generation of novel readers. It is more than forty years since "Under Two Flags" appeared, and Ouida became in a moment one of the most popular of English novelists. A few years ago it was the fashion to ridicule her extravagance, her worship of aristocracy, her contempt for her own sex, and her occasional ineptitude. But the notices that appeared in the papers after her death, last winter, showed a very different attitude. Critics of standing were not afraid to pay tribute to her real power, her ability to seize and hold the reader's attention. It came out that that Miss Fennison and Andrew Lang read her novels and enjoyed them more than that, were not afraid to acknowledge their enjoyment. It was the general verdict that Ouida, with all her early faults of taste and crudities of style, possessed talent of a very high order.

It is said that "Heliathanus" was begun at least ten years before the author's death. A year or two ago the manuscript was put in type, and it had been partially corrected by the author before her death. Although the story as it stands is incomplete, it is a masterpiece of style. The book contains 445 pages.

From the amount of time Ouida gave to the composition of this story, as well as from its grandiose scheme, it may be surmised that she intended it to stand as her last work. It is a story of international relations and great political and diplomatic movements in modern Europe, the scene being laid in the most part in the lane of Heliathanus, which may be identified with Italy.

What About Motion Pictures?

One of the most important articles of the year is "The Degradation of the Motion-Picture," by C. H. Claudy, in the current Photo Era, in which that well-known writer discusses what he believes to be the harm to public morals and the eyesight which is being done by the many moving-picture shows throughout the country. It is not an article of criticism alone, for methods of improvement are pointed out.

This article will be followed with another in November by Robert Thorpe, in which he tells of the cinematograph, in which he tells about the ideal motion-picture.

"The Higher Sacrifice."

Few books published in this country are more invigorating and stimulating to youth than those written by David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, who has spent so many years in contact with the young life of a great American university. Himself inspired by a high sense of moral, ethical, and social ideals, he imparts to his writings the enthusiasm and strenuousness that naturally go with a great executive office.

The latest little volume from this source and along these lines, "The Higher Sacrifice," is issued by the American Unitarian Association. It is an appeal to college-trained youth to forego selfishness and personal ambitions, and to devote their intelligent, money-getting power to the higher service of the common good, although they thereby sacrifice many opportunities for satisfying legitimate tastes and inclinations which their cultured outlook on life would enable them to appreciate and enjoy even more than would those who had not had their educational advantages.

"Contemporary Ireland."

T. M. Kettle, M. P., the translator and editor of "Contemporary Ireland," by Paul DuBois, is not unknown in the United States. As representative of the Irish national party, he visited this country in 1907. He is a son of the late Andrew Kettle, who was an intimate friend of Parnell's. Mr. Kettle, although one of the youngest members of the British parliament, is considered one of the most promising. Mr. DuBois is an expert in the subject. The author, a trained man of letters, is a nephew of Taine, the historian.

Bolles' Essays on Law.

"Every man's Lawyer," by Albert S. Bolles, is a new and cheaper edition. In three volumes, of "The Home Library of Law." It is a work that looks into the needs of all classes—the business man, the woman, the farmer, and everybody else. It is full, yet unpretentious, not too technical, but accurate. Its size is convenient. The three volumes treat, first, "The Ownership and Use of Land," second, "The Ownership and Use of Personal Property," third, "The Pledging of Personal Property and Corporations." Domestic Relations and Writings.

A Real Railroad.

James O. Fagan, the author of "The Confessions of a Railroad Signaller," was born in Liverpool, England, fifty years ago. When he was ten years old he went to a school for boys at Manchester, England, where he had won a scholarship. Here he studied electricity along with the classics, and when sixteen years of age he accompanied his father to a cable-laying expedition which took him from Portugal and the Canary Islands to Rio Janeiro. He worked for several years in South America as a cable operator and then caught the gold fever and went to South Africa, where he enlisted in fighting against the Kaffirs and engaged in trading and gold mining.

After the battle of Majuba Hill he made up his mind that he was ready for a change and decided to go to the United States. In the spring of 1881 he arrived in Boston and secured a job on the Boston and Lowell railroad. After a few months he went to East Deerfield, Mass., on the Fitchburg railroad, where he worked nights for five years. From there he went to the signal tower at Cambridge, where he has now been located for twenty-two years, during which time he has made a very unusual study of railroading, economics, and sociology in general. He has contributed many articles and stories to newspapers and magazines. He is to lecture this winter at the new Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration.

Neither Melodrama nor Detective Story.

For those who like melodrama better than comedy, or whose ideal literature is a detective story, "Over Bemerton's" will have little attraction. It is a book for the reader who cares for humor, for true observation of life, for bookish enthusiasm, for the style of the great Charles Lamb and the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table who will find it one of the most charming of recent books.

"The First Operatic War."

"This is the secret of Gluck's revolution," writes Robert Hughes in "The First Operatic War." "When he was choosing his melodies and selecting his colors from the infinite palette of the orchestra, he was not thinking of tickling the ears with a musical sweetmeat, he was not thinking of a new flourish that would exercise the vocal gymnastics of some local Tetrastini or Caruso. He was thinking of the spiritual gist of the scene and the evocative lexicon of sound for the exact orchestral word that should convey the meaning to the sympathy of the audience. That was Wagner's aim, and it has been more or less the aim of all mem-

bers of opera. Before Gluck was born there were other composers struggling for the same effect. Some of the earlier Italians also declared themselves for truth of expression, and one of them used the phrase: 'A noble contempt for melody.'"

New Macmillan Books.

The Macmillan Company is publishing this week the following books: "Diana's Ruby," by F. Marion Crawford; "The Gentleman," a romance of the sea, by Alfred O. V. Lucas; "Home Life in Italy," by Lina Duff Gordon; "Vienta and Northern Italy," by Lina Duff Gordon; "The Reformation of England," by James Gardner; "Poems," by Alfred P. Graves; "Buddhist Essays," by Paul Dahlke; "The Story of a Hermit," by Lewis and Mary Hardwick Lewis, described by Francis Gribble; "Saunders of Ancient Greece," by Alfred Austin; "Economic Zoology," by Herbert Osborn.

New Books From Houghton Mifflin.

The following books are published by Houghton Mifflin Company on Saturday, October 10: "The Lighted Lamp," a novel by C. Hanford Henderson; "The Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich," by Felix Greenstein; "The Confessions of a Signaller," by James O. Fagan; "The Quest Flower," a story for young readers, by Clara Louise Johnson; "The Story of a Wireless Telegraph Boy," by John Trowbridge; "The Life of Aldrich," appears in a large paper edition, limited to 500 copies, as well as in the regular edition.

New Books at Hand.

Americans of Today, Albert J. Beveridge, H. Allen Company. In this book Senator Beveridge reveals anew his well-known keen observation. It is an art of optimism, which the American of today he gives us here shrewd and unerring criticism of ourselves.

The Knack of It, Charles Battell Loomis, Fleming H. Revell Company. Easy to read, it is a story which is lively, timely, exceedingly amusing, and useful.

The Kidnapers Campers, Flavia A. C. Canfield, Harper Brothers. A bright out of doors story with much of romance and adventure to make it interesting.

The Bachelor and the Baby, Margaret Cameron, Harper Brothers. A merry romance of a bachelor and a baby.

The Great English Letter Writers, W. J. Dawson, C. W. Dawson, Fleming H. Revell Company.

A series of brilliant letters for an age that has ceased to write them.

Colonel Greatheart, H. C. Bailey, Bobbs Merrill Company.

A sharply etched tale of the round-heads and cavaliers.

Robin Aroon, Armistead C. Gordon, The National Publishing Company.

An article story, the romance of a girl of the Colonial period, dainty, delicate, and brilliant.

Waterloo, Thomas E. Watson, The Neale Publishing Company.

A vivid description and clear analysis of the last Napoleonic battle.

Magazine Writing and the New Literature, Henry Mills Alden, Harper Brothers.

Mr. Alden, out of his close and long association with the making of magazines, gives a new and broad idea of the making of a writer. His comparisons of the various men and women who have excelled in the various schools of their writing, and the study of present-day style altogether fulfill the expectation which this editor's name aroused.

Little Ned Happy and Flora, Gertrude and John Brothman.

A sweet child's story, wholesome, sunny, and merry.

Wells of Temagami, Cy Warman, H. M. Caldwell Company.

An Indian tale, brightly colored, romantic, and poetic.

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WRITER DIAGNOSES WASHINGTON'S ILLS

J. C. Welliver, in the Munsey Magazine, Tells of Seamy Side of Capital.

CHAIRMAN SMITH SMARTLY RAPPED

Head of the House District Committee Accused of Favoring Corporations in Congress.

Washington people will be interested in the announcement just made by the Munsey Company, that the November number of the Munsey Magazine will contain an article discussing the government of Washington from rather an unaccustomed point of view.

"Our Beautiful Capital—its Seamy Side," is the title under which Judson C. Welliver, of The Washington Times, presents this new view of the national city's administration. The article begins with an apology for undertaking so ungracious a task as finding fault with "beautiful Washington," and concludes with some vigorous suggestions as to what is the matter with the city's government, and what is needed to remedy its deficiencies.

Mr. Welliver's opinion that Washington suffers from being misunderstood by its city council, which is Congress. For example, he finds that Congress is wont to assume that it is peculiarly generous to Washington, because it pays half the expenses of city administration. But in fact, Mr. Welliver points out, the other great governments do vastly more for their national capitals.

Expected to Give Thanks.

"Washington is expected to take what it gets without complaint, because Uncle Sam pays half the bills. But let's see about this. France—not Paris, with its millions of people and its immense commercial interests—has paid to make Paris what it is, the gayest and most delightful capital of Europe. Germany—not the great population of Berlin, eight millions as great as Washington—has paid the bills that represent the cost of making Berlin a true imperial city. Russia—not alone the proprietors of St. Petersburg has contributed most lavishly to make the seat of the Czars what it is. And so with other of the national cities. After all, the United States is only doing what other nations are doing for their capitals—vastly less than some of them do."

Congress Too Busy.

The burden of Mr. Welliver's argument is that Congress is too big and busy and alien to run Washington. He finds, for instance, that the chairman of the House Committee on District of Columbia is a provincial statesman from a country county in Michigan, who never had opportunity to learn anything about the intricacies of municipal government, when he was suddenly elevated to the responsibility and honors of the national city. After all, then Mr. Smith's record as chairman during the last session, is discussed with a candor which does not leave much to be wished for from this point of view. Mr. Smith's attitude of friendliness toward the franchised corporations and of apparent unconcern for the people's interests, is discussed.

His Conclusion.

The final paragraphs of the article set forth this conclusion: "The people of Mr. Smith's district would defeat him at the polls in November if they knew and appreciated his attitude toward the franchised and privileged monopolies of Washington. They would do it because they would want to rid themselves of the discredit of furnishing a Representative willing to fetter the shackles of monopoly on community defenses against an alien government; they would do it, especially, because they would be moved by the same pride in the National Capital which has inspired so many millions of loyal Americans who have seen the venerable but not the inside. "Mr. Smith should be defeated. All Congressmen and Congressional candidates of his class should be defeated."

HANNA'S FOSTER SON DEAD BY OWN HAND

ABILENE, Kan., Oct. 9.—Dan Hart, of this city, has committed suicide by shooting, as a result of family troubles. While a child, Hart was in an orphan home. He attracted the attention of the late Mark Hanna, who took him to rear. Hart was a member of the Hanna family for a number of years. He was a favorite with the Senator, whose own son, Dan Hanna, was named for the foster son.

MRS. LEE HONOR GUEST OF CHEVY CHASE CLUB

Hostess of Week-End Function Is Mrs. McCallum. Whose Other Guests Include Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Jordan.

Mrs. McCallum was hostess at dinner at the Chevy Chase Club last evening in honor of her house guest, Mrs. Arthur Lee. The other guests were Mrs. and Mrs. Eldridge Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Phillips, Mr. Yoacham, and Arthur Peter.

Mr. and Mrs. Glover Back.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Glover have returned from Europe, where they have been visiting their son-in-law and daughter, the Netherlands Minister of Foreign Affairs and Mme. Van Swinderen. They will occupy Westover, their suburban home, during the autumn season.

Miss Olive Seward has opened her house on Nineteenth street for the winter. Miss Sarah Upton, who is visiting in Virginia, will join her shortly.

The American Consul-at-large at Marcellus and Mrs. Horace Lee Washington, who came to Washington last spring to attend the wedding of Mrs. Washington's sister, Miss Catherine Williams, to Francis Bennett Poe, sailed from New York today on the New York for Southampton.

Mrs. Winthrop Murray Crane entertained a party at the rectory of "Salome," given by Miss Amy Grant at the White Tree Inn at Lenox yesterday. Mrs. Crane's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Boardman, who are making an automobile trip through the Berkshires, have arrived at Stockbridge and are at the Red Lion Inn.

Marries at Noon.

Miss Georgette Burrell West, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James M. West, was married today at noon to Capt. William Kelly, U. S. A., Assistant Engineer, Commissioner of the District. The ceremony was performed in Christ Church, Greensburg, Pa. the home of the bride.

The bride was attended by her cousin, Mrs. Murray A. Cobb, formerly Miss Caroline Huff, as matron of honor.

Capt. John H. Davidson, U. S. A., was the best man, and the fathers were Major J. B. Cavanaugh, Capt. A. S. Cheney, Murray A. Cobb, and Robert Kelly, Jr., of New York, brother of the bridegroom.

A wedding breakfast in the summer home of aunt and uncle of the bride, Greensburg, Pa., and the fathers were Major J. B. Cavanaugh, Capt. A. S. Cheney, Murray A. Cobb, and Robert Kelly, Jr., of New York, brother of the bridegroom.

After their return from their wedding trip Captain Kelly and his bride will reside in Washington, where they have selected a house on S street.

After the wedding of Miss Caroline Huff and Murray Cobb, which took place in Greensburg, Pa., on October 8 of last year, when several of Miss West's wedding party were present, Miss West being her cousin's maid of honor.

The engagement of Miss Caroline

was announced in the Washington Times.

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